They came into the gloomy office like ween lifting their dainty pink and white neads in the face of a storm

We just couldn't wait, Judge Marcellus said Vera Seale. "We had word that the Antarctic would dock directly, and we knew that Howard would come here."

"And so we thought it cousinly andjoint tenantly, shall I say, Judge?" added her sister Carol, "for us to meet him for the first in the presence of our uncle's executor and wish him long life, even though his unexpected existence has made our halves dwindle to thirds."

"Tis a good feeling, young ladies," responded the Judge heartily, "and reflects to an extent the strong racial sentiment which animated John Seale in making his will. 'I want the Seale lands to be held by Seales,' he declared, and so he devised his estates to his two nieces and one nephew as joint tenants, meaning you, my dears, and this Howard Seale who is about to arrive safe and sound on the Antarctic from Alexandria, despite the report of the loss of the Egyptian expedition with which

"I am so glad that you found him, Judge," sighed Vera. "I am so glad that our thirds were not made halves by his death. I think it is horrid the way the happiness of one so often hangs on the sorrow of another, the way the light of good fortune is so often dimmed by the shadow of death. Thank goodness, at length we are rid ofoh, what did you call them the other day? Yes, of mortuary contingencies. Mercy, what a name it is!"

"But we are not rid of them, are we Judge?" interposed Carol. "You forget, Vera, that we are joints, not commons. Do explain it again, Judge. Vera doesn't understand it at all, and I only a little."

The Judge shrugged his shoulders and cleared his throat in unconscious reversion to the days of the bench.

Joint tenancy is much rarer in this country than tenancy in common," he declared. "The distinction lies in the disposition upon the death of a tenant of that tenant's share.

"In the latter instance it goes to his heirs or devisees, the same as any other rea estate he may hold in severalty; in the former -case it is divided among his cotenants. Thus if your cousin Howard should die you two girls would each receive a half of his third, and then if one of you should die the survivor would receive her share and thus become possessor in fee simple of the whole estate.

"I can't say that I approve of joint tenancy. I have known cases where such mortuary contingencies, to use seriously your jesting phrase, my dear, have worked evil through their constant appeal to covetousness, avarice, envy. But of course in this instance-

Here the office door or ened and a middle aged man, heavy of form and feature, od, undecided, at the threshold.

"It is all right, Cronkite," said the Judge impatiently. "These young ladies are the Seale heirs, come to meet their cousin. Did you meet him at Quarantine? Did

"I met the Antarctic according to directions, sir, answered the detective, "but Mr. Howard Seale was not on board. He died suddenly at sea."

"Suddenly!" exclaimed the Judge. "That must be investigated. He cabled he was in excellent health. Of course they brought the body, embalmed?"

"No, sir; it was buried at sea. The Ant-retic had no appliances; besides, it isn't "I remember very well having commented more than once on the shocking lack of safe-guards against death by foul means which

guards against death by foul means which pretty generally characterizes the merchant marine. I know if I had an enemy of whom I would be rid I should give him a slow, obscure poison and then ship him off on a long sea voyage.

"But pardon me, young ladies, such talk is not for you, as your agitation shows. The news is indeed startling, but after all there adars and govern to moreow! is the

The news is indeed startling, but after all 'here to-day and gone to-morrow' is the common lot, you know."

Again the office door opened, admitting the office boy. The Judge took the visiting card from him and read it once, twice, with varying expression.

"Show the gentleman in at once, Thomas." he said, and then he read for the third time the superscription, aloud, as follows: "Mr. Howard Seale, with the Egyptian Ethnological Expedition."

The two sisters stared blankly at each other.

other.
"Thank God," cried Vera. "it was a false

report!"
But Carol remained silent as she turned and watched the door, her eyes now gleam-ing expectantly and the color returning to cheeks that had paled.

It was a bluff and hearty young man who presently entered, his bronzed face relaxed with cordial smiles.

"I never had the pleasure of meeting you, Judge Marcellus," he began, with extended hand, "but I know you through your kindly And then he stopped short as he per-

ceived the sisters, sitting side by side on the dilapidated lounge with arms entwined, the one nervously looking down, the other with black eyes defiantly fixed. "Am I wrong in a most welcome thought?"

he hesitated. "Are these young ladies my cousins come to greet me?" "You are right, Cousin Howard," said

Vera. "We do welcome you most joyously from the grave." "You are right in thinking that we came

to greet our cousin," said Carol. "But we have no greeting for you." "This is all most irregular," interposed the Judge, drawing out a chair by his desk and motioning the young man into it. "I am not accustomed to conducting a secret

inquiry in the presence of the interested parties, but form must sometimes yield to circumstance. Step forward, Cronkite, and repeat what you just reported." And the detective obeyed.

"I am alive and present, notwithstanding," said the young man. "Prove it, then," returned the Judge.

"You must admit that circumstances call" fer caution on my part. "So far as I know there is no are in this

country who ever met Howard Scale. His father kept him in childhood at schools abroad, and then as soon as he was old and strong enough made him his companion in his craze for exploration.

After his father's death he joined some harebrained expedition into blackes.

one eager, the other herce is interest.

The young man gave the short but good natured laugh of perplexity.

"My papers and credentials?" he said.

"I only wish I knew where they were.

"Just after I cabled you I was taken suddenly and violently ill at Alexandria. I recovered as strangely, as rapidly, in two days.

"The physicians at the hospital said I had been poisoned, and must have died had I not been incoulated with antidotes. I can't use their scientials are the arradition. my experiences on the expedition.

"When I got back to the hotel, the box containing every scrap of paper relating to myself was missing, had been taken from my room. The Antarctic had already sailed. I learned I could catch a steamer of Cherhouse which would bring me here at Cherbourg which would bring me here

about the same time.

"I had but little money, so I did not cable what I would be able to explain so "Poor Cousin Howard!" sighed Vera

"Poor Cousin Howard!" sighed Vera.
"I am so sorry for you."
"Nonsense," snapped Carol. "This man
is a base impostor: his story a vile fabrication. Who knows, just as the Judge says,
that he didn't administer some obscure
poison to the real Howard which caused
his death and burial at sea? Oh, wretch,
the sight of you infuriates me so I could
tear you to pieces!"

It was amazing, it was terrifle, to see

tear you to pieces!"

It was amazing, it was terrifle, to see how passion in an instant transformed this dainty young woman into a staring, screaming creature of primeval instincts, poised as if to spring. It was with difficulty that Vera and the Judge, by entreaty and admonition, were able to restore her to

that Vera and the Judge, by entreaty and admonition, were able to restore her to quiet and composure. Even then she sat with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils like one held but not subdued.

"You see how the inherent improbabilities of your story affect a young lady of high education and strong principles," said the Judge coldly.

"I shall ever remember that—and nothing else," protested the young man, with a grateful glance toward Vera, as he stood erect and at ease, a fine specimen of manly attributes. "I admit freely that the reported death of Howard Seale puts me, unvouched for, in an unfavorable light. I can only trust to time for vindication."

He turned to go.

He turned to go.
"I believe in you, Cousin Howard," whispered Vera.

"God bless you, dear, for that." And
the two so strongly attracted looked long
and deep at each other as if no one else

were present.

"Are you crazy, Vera? Are you in your dotage, Judge?" demanded Carol. again vehemently excited, "not to see that this villain may be poor Howard's murderer? Are you going to let him leave? If it wasn't that I still dared to hope the report was false—oh, God, I will hope, I won't believe it true—I would call the police."

The office door opened. Again entered Thomas with a visiting card. The Judge scanned the superscription once, twice, with

ant.

"Yes," agreed Cronkite pleasantly, "that does explain why you didn't find them."

"I can name and describe every one of them, if they are the ones stolen from my room," asserted the first claimant. "I ask no better test."

"Of course you don't, dear Howard, " said Vers, crossing over to the young man's side.

"You believe in him, Judge, don't you?"

"I might," answered the Judge with an approving glance, "if it wasn't for this dead third claimant. Who was he?"

"Perhaps I can solve that problem," said Cronkits turning down the sweathand of scanned the superscription once, twice, with varying expression and then read it aloud: "Mr. Howard Seale, with the Egyptian Ethnological Expedition."

"Show the gentleman in at once," he said Cronkite, turning down the sweatband of the hat and bringing out a thin fold of paper bent into conformity. This hat, Judge, must have irked the head of its purchaser. As men often do he placed

"Show the gentleman in at once," he said with difficulty.

"Ah, what did I tell you, what did I just say?" cried Carol wildly. "The report was false—part of this socundrel's plot. Here comes the true Howard Seale!"

But Vera sat in silence, her eyes still fixed trustfully on the calm face of the young man whom her sister had just denounced. Judge, must have irked the head of its purchaser. As men often do, he placed within the band the first piece of paper handy, intending no doubt to take it out again, and then forgot all about it. It is through such trifles that justice wages its successful war against crime."

"Don't prose, Cronkite," snapped the Judge impatiently, "What does that paper contain? Tell us at once!"

"It is a letter," replied the detective, "on thin paper, written in a fine, feminine hand from this city to Philip Boyer, M. D., at Berlin...."

III. In an instant the Judge regained his selfpossession, and with it that resolution of purpose which was a main characteristic He straightened himself in his chair and drew to the side of his desk the one which the young man had just vacated, so that the newcomer must face the light.

There was no hesitancy about the first claimant, as he may now be called, since a second claimant was about to present himself. He seated himself opposite the young ladies, and having smiled reassur ingly on Veca folded his arms and awaited with what was at least a creditable imitation of the consciousness of right.

Vera, on her part, seemed to take courage from this reassurance. Having returned the glance with one of trust, she sat by her sister's side, submissive yet alert. And her sister-the flery, passionate, ir-

repressible Carol? It must have seemed to one who, like Cronkite all unnoticed yet noticing, studied her slightest phase of the sense of the Judge's mandate than she had its sound, so tense was she.

And yet when the tall, grave young man, gentle of manner and correct of tourist dress, entered and approached the Judge's desk, after one swift look of despairing amazement she subsided into a huddle, to brood like an old woman on the evils of life, or rather like Fate who had been mas querading as young and gay, to call again to mind her dreadful duties.

"Carol," whispered Vera, "are you ill? I do wish that Dr. Philip of yours whom you met abroad would come to claim you. You need his skill; you are so emotional, you

fronted the second claimant, who cowered before her.

"At least I will help to make sure your doom," she said in a monotone curiously dull. "You killed my lover, Philip Boyer, on the Antarctic, even as he tried to kill at Alexandria the rightful Howard Seale, who now stands there by Vera, good with the good, as we are evil with the evil.

"I knew Philip would—we had counted so on being immensely rich—I came here expecting, I have sat here waiting, to see him enter as Howard Seale. Oh, the agony! Oh, the punishment too hard to bear!"

And as Abe Cronkite led the second claimant from the office Carol Seale crumpled into a heap on the floor like a statue cast down and demolished by storm. are so excitable." But Carol merely shook her head-a simple sign, and yet it may be the last expression of grief.

"Pardon me, Judge Marcellus." said the second claimant. "for interrupting you when engaged. I will only stop enough to make myself known and to thank you tor many kindnesses."

"These people can wait," returned the Judge indifferently. "Sit down. You arrived i take it, on the Antarctic?" "No; I changed my plans at the last

moment and sailed from Marseilles." "You should have cabled me. How else did you suppose I would know when to expect you, or to recognize you?"

"I knew the two ships would arrive at about the same time, as they did. Of course I brought out from that African mishap of ours but little money or effects;

but I have my passports, properly vised, for the expedition. They ought to identify me at home as well as abroad."

The Judge took the red sealed parchments and read one by one their many independent. "Passports might be stolen," he said

but the British representatives from the first have consistently refused to submit to it. Lord Macartney, who arrived in China in 1793 as the head of the first British Embassy, "As mine were, Judge Marcellus," cried the first claimant, springing to his feet and advancing with the ominous doggedness of a generous nature driven to the wall. "I remember now; I haven't seen them since I produced them at Khartum just a year ago to-day.

"See if I am not right? This fellow must have been there, like many another hungry rogue, hunting advantage by hook or crook. I fear I talked loosely of my personal affairs.

"Ah, you would, would you?" And grasping the second claimant, who also had risen, he shook him like a rat.

The second claimant disengaged himself. He took a step back and arranged his neckwear. Then he faced his rude assailant, and a curious similarity of feature in the two struck one who unnoticed kept noticing that might well make the ownership of the passports debatable.

"Does this madman make serious pretensions to my name and estates?" asked the second claimant in high disdain. "Poof for such proof—the chance verification of a single date! I can give all!"

"Doubtless you can," assented the Judge, "since you have had possession of the papers; but I agree with you on the utter insufficiency of proof in either case. The matter must go to the courts. I wash my hands of it."

"I am content," said the first claimant composedly. "As mine were, Judge Marcellus," cried before the second British mission arrived in China. The question of the kowtow was again raised, and as a result of his refusal to perform the ceremony Lord Amherst was never officially received by the Emperor, who issued an imperial edict to the effect that the British Ambassador had not observed the rules of politeness in vogue in the Celestial Empire.

The French Ambassador sent to China in 1844 received special instructions not to submit to the kowtow. These instructions, however, he ignored, as he held the opinion that Ambassadors must conduct themselves according to the usages of the court to which they were accredited. The whole question during the last half century has assumed an altogether different aspect. For over one hundred years prior to the establishment of permanent foreign legations in the Chinese capital in 1800 European representatives were not accorded an imperial audience. Since that date the kowtow has never been insisted upon.

"I am content," said the first claimant

harebrained expedition into blackes.

Africa, where all the members of it were supposed to have perished. I received a cable in his name from Alexandria stating he had survived, and I cabled back for him to come here.

"He replied that he would sail by the Antarctic; and the ship authorities report that he died and was buried at sea. Yet here you are, presenting yourself in his person. Prove it, I say. Where are your papers, gredentials?"

Abe Cronkite draw back into an obscure

"I am content," said the first claimant composedly.

But agitation shook the mien and manners of the second claimant as a palsy might have have disarranged the nicety of his dress.

"I am content," said the first claimant composedly.

But agitation shook the mien and manners of the second claimant as a palsy might dress.

"I see how it is," he cried, facing the Judge with menacing finger. "You know about that other impostor who, lucky for himself, died on the Antarctic. You are plotting to keep control of the property for yourself. I will seek legal advice, I will protect my rights."

He stopped short, growing ghastly pale,

shoulder.

"You stay here," said Abe Cronkite, forcing the second claimant back into his chair.

"I denounce this man, Judge, as the murderer of the third claimant, whoever he was, on the Antarctic.

"Mark this, I cautioned the captain to keep secret the news of the death. There has not been time for an Antarctic passenger to pass the customs lines and tell it to any one. TWELVE HEALTHY YOUNG MEN WILL TEST SOFT DRINKS.

After having effectively shown the second

claimant the folly of resistance Cronkite

with characteristic courtesy picked up the

tion, too, he looked the hat over; and the

more he looked the more he delayed de-

distinctive marks to the Judge.
"You will observe, Judge," he began,

was made in Germany; sold in Berlin. See,

there, and there, from the latest block

In no way from what we undisputably

know of the time when Howard Seale ar

rived back from the interior of Africa could he have bought or got possession of this

"I am very absent minded," blurted the

second claimant, hugging himself as if against a chill. "I may have picked it up

anywhere. Poof for such proof! What's

turned Cronkite, whose fingers had been feeling minutely around the rim of the

only a suspicious circumstance to justify the Judge's caution. And speaking of caution, Judge, reminds me to say that this third claimant, whoever he was, had taken the caution to give over his papers into the Captain's charge."

"Damnation!" groaned the second claim-

Carol! Carol!" cried Vera.

med Cronkite, and he read:

have confidently--

"Oh, my God, is it true?" moaned Carol.
"The letter itself reads as follows," con-

MY OWN DEAREST PHILIP: I have the worst

of bad news to send you, at the very time

too, dear, when our hopes of enjoying the

only life worth living were so high. Howard

Seale has returned to life. He sails from

Alexandria on the Antarctic to claim one-

third of the inheritance. Not only that, he

has a survivor's interest in our shares. It

Vera should die unmarried, as you know we

With a light spring Vera Seale snatched the letter from Cronkite's hand and tore it

you didn't mean—you were infatuated——"
But when the first claimant hastened to her

she tottered across the office and con-fronted the second claimant, who cowered

KOWTOWING.

A Chinese Custom to Which Foreigners

Have Objected.

From the North China Herald.

The Chinese censor has memorialized the throne on the necessity of abolishing the

degrading custom of high native Ministers

of the Crown kowtowing and addressin or replying to their Majesties on bended knees

Kowtowing has been a fruitful theme for dis-cussion and controversy ever since the nations

of the West first invaded the shores of the

great central kingdom. Hitherto the question concerned only those who came from foreign lands on diplomatic or other missions. No one for a moment thought of suggesting that the kowtow was a degrading custom the contract of the contract o

so far as the Chinese high officials them-selves were concerned. The kowtow before

the throne consisted in kneeling three times and touching the ground with the head thrice

at each genuflexion.

Western diplomats and others in China

have not been in the past unanimous in their opposition to the performance of the kowtow,

when presenting his credentials would only consent to bend one knee in the presence of

the Emperor. Over twenty years elapsed before the second British mission arrived in

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side she clung to him convulsively. Carol Seale tottered to her feet,

Carol," she murmured, "I know

"We will see what's in it presently," re-

"Perhaps its possession by you is

hat, but yet-

in a hat, anyway?"

The Junitor of the People's Insides is Going to Learn What Soda Water is Doing to American Women—The Result to Be Announced Next Spring—The Poisonce's

ger to pass the customs lines and ten it to any one.

"We haven't mentioned it in his presence, and yet he knows. How? Because the Antarotic called at Marseilles, from which port he admits he sailed, and he got off there after having, as I believe, adminis-tered a slow poison to the other man."

And in the short struggle which ensued the second claimant's hat fell to the floor. WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Heroes are thickning in Washington, D.C. Another poison squad is getting ready for business. This new batch of brave souls and intrepid stomachs will form the Soft Drinks Brigade of the service, and Dr. Wiley, of course,

Poison Squad No. 1 is now about six years old. Casualties have been many. but no lives have been lost. Desertions have occurred, but most of the change have come through the honorable discharge of members.

livering it to its wearer. Holding it firmly The squad is maintained at its original strength of twelve men. Just why the number was put at twelve Dr. Wiley is up to view, he proceeded to point out its unable to state. The poisoness are young men who work that this hat is quite new. It cannot have been worn for more than two months. It

in Dr. Wiley's own department, the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture. Most of them are, in addition,

ents at George Washington University, which provides aight lectures esp porting themselves by working for

Of course there is none but volunteers in the squad. There is never any lack of these. As they get all their meals for nothing they are willing to have a few acids, a little formaldehyde, a touch of copperas or a few shades of aniline dye thrown in-especially as they would get some of the same things at a boarding

house—and have to pay for it.

Probably the thing they relish the least is the absolute knowledge that they are cating adulterated food. There is no guesswork about it, no chance to hope that it is pure. For the bureau does its own adulterating and is uncompromisingly

horough about it.

A new recruit to the squad is not at once put on an adulterated diet. The first thing done is to establish the equilibrium of his system, to discover what is his normal condition and what diet best maintains that

That being established, his daily ration of oison is introduced and its effect observed It isn't apparent in a day. Sometim little effect.

But sooner or later it does tell. Different

temperature and sometimes a slight rash. Other things cause headache, indigestion, pain in the epigastrium, which, being interpreted, means the pit of the stomach This pain is perhaps the most common effect

The new equad is already organized and its members are being supplied with good food and drink to find out what their equiibrium is. When that has been deterned the fizz of the faucet will be heard

The bureau has a list of one hundred oft drinks in which coosine and other drugs are used. These are sold freely over bureau moreover has records of individsals who have taken no less than thirty ses a day of these drug drinks.

Dr. Wiley, who chuckles with satisfac-tion over the title of Janitor of the People's Insides, bestowed on him by THE SUN, proposes to find out just what are the consequences to those same internal regions of having these diluted drugs dumped lusing into them. He is even thinking of admitting a few women to the ranks of the Soft Drinks Brigade.

American women absorb perennial gey-sers of the stuff. It wouldn't be a bad thing

her down? They will do a-plenty of that themselves when they get started. Of course their diet will be straight, no poison in that. They will eat good: wholesome food, so that there can be no shirking responsibility on the part of the soft drinks.

These will be administered on a sliding scale; one giass the first day, two the next, and so on. The department will be good and ready to announce the results before the sods fountains begin to spout when

spring comes along. A good deal of unnecessary pity has been spread thick upon the heroes of the poison squad. The public has an exaggerated ides of their perils.

They are carefully watched and nobody They are carefully watched and nobody is permitted to run any risk of serious injury. If a man has been taking the dope diet for a period he is put on straight victuals for a while. After, say, sixty days of dope he gets a pure food vacation which makes him as good as new.

Nevertheless very few of the poisonees stick to the business very long. The record was held by a man who served three years. Of course he took the dope diet and the straight food turn about.

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will offer to-morrow, in their

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Women's 2 Button French Glace Kid Gloves, Paris Point Embroidery, in black, white&colors, a One clasp Pique Glace Gloves in black & colors,)

Special Sale of

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	2200 Yds. Taffetas, superior chiffon finish, 20 in. wide,	Value \$1.00 Yd,		
,	3500 Yds. Taffetas, regular finish, 19 in. wide,	Value 85c. Yd,	at	58°
	3200 Yds. Peau de Cygne, messaline finish, 20 in. wide,			
	1800 Yds. Taffetas, 36 in. wide, regular finish,	Value \$1.25 Yd,	at	79°

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Children's Headwear, in white novelty effects, Formerly \$1.75 & 2.75 1.25, 1.95

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FINE MOQUETTE COUCH COVERS,	**	22.50	Each,	17.25
IMPORTED TAPESTRIES, 50 in. wide,	W	/ere \$3	.25 Yd,	1.95
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FRENCH WOOL TAPESTRIES, 50 in. v (THIRD FLOOR)	vide,	" 5	.75 "	3.95

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Much Below Regular Values

Special Offerings in Infants' and Little Children's Apparel

DRESSES, sizes 6 months to 3 years, 65c, 98c Values 98c and \$1.35. \$1.10, 1.35 Values \$1.95 and 2.75 INFANTS' HAND-MADE LONG DRESSES, 98c, 1.25, 1.95 Values \$1.55 to 2.85

WHITE CASHMERE COATS,
with embroidered silk lined capes, also WASHABLE WHITE CORDUROY COATS, aires 6 months to 21/2 years,

at \$4.95

\$12.00, 21.00

Fancy Model, \$16,50

at \$5,95, 6,95, 9,50

Misses' and Girls' Apparel Unusual Values for Monday

Misses' Fine Broadcloth Suits, all fashionable colors. Semi-fitted Curaway Coats, handsomely trimmed with self color braid, full pleated skirt with deep fold, one of the smartest models of the season. 14 and 16 yrs.

Value 348.00,

Misses' Fine Chevlot Junior Suits, in Brown and Navy Blue, full kilt pleated skirt with bretelles, Box Coat with velvet collar and cuffs, 10 to 16 yrs.

Special at 15,00 Girls' Heavy Cheviot Walking Coats, in Wine, Brown and Navy Rlue, trimmed with hercules braid, 6 to 14 yrs. Value \$11.00, 7.95

Girls' Chinchilla Reefers, 3/4 and 3/8 Length,
in Navy Blue, Brown, Red and Grey, Skinner satin
lined, bound with braid or tailor stitched, 6 to 14 years. Special at 19.75

West Twenty-third Street